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Woodland Mary

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Woodland MARY.

Prints Printer Toy and Marble Warehouse 6
Great St Andrew street, 7 Dials,

WITH floe blackeyes and jet black
hair,
And cheeks like roses & arms all bare
With teeth so white and dimple chin,
And bosom fair and pure within,
A small straw hat so loosely tied
A little basket by her side,
All filled with berries red and blue
And little buds of many a hue
She stepped as light as any fairy.
I met the little Woodland Mary.

If you sweet maid will come with
My little servant maid to be (me
And those soft notes you sweetly sing,
Repeat unto my nursing young,
And leave those hills so bleak and mild
to nurse and tend my darling Child.
to cherish her I fondly love,
And if to her you'll tender prove,
And o'er her tender steps be weary
I'll treasure you my Woodland Mary

O Lady listen to my tale,
And let my simple words prevail
My mother's old she is lame and poor
and scarce can walk unto the door,
Ah! me she loves her only joy
She has no other Girl or Boy
And while she lives with her I'll stay,
And think of you when far away
She says the grave with rest thee weary
And then I'll be your Woodland Mary